

EDMUND  
HENRY

NEW

SATURDAY

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"Very well. Then I will hear her voice again. You must ask her to sing for you 'The Rose,' once more. I never heard it sung with such a peculiar, warbling sweetness."











# WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS, BY PERRY KERRIE.

FROM A NEW VOL. IN PRESS BY TUCKER & FIELD.

When first I stood upon this rocky ledge,  
Beneath whose brink the foaming waters fell,  
And eager leaning from the dizzy edge,  
Gazed breathless in the eddies where they  
boiled;  
Love held my hand, and bade me nothing fear,  
For life and youth, and joy, and hope, were  
mine.

And death and sorrow could not come me near,  
I was so compassed with their arms divine.

Oh, God! how full of happiness I stood!  
Looking into the eyes that were my day,  
And his my soul, borne like that rushing flood,  
In eddies of delight away.

When next I came unto this water's brink,  
A devil dragged me ruthless toward the wave,  
And bowed my head, and bade me plunge, and  
sink,  
And thrust me downward to that hideous  
grave.

Crying, "Go down! into that clamorous death,  
That leaps, and rolls, and roars, to swallow  
thee.

For what hast thou to do with living breath,  
Who hast outlived all life but agony?"

Oh, God! how full of misery I lay!  
On the grim margin of that dreary wall,  
Of love, and hope, and wretchedness away,  
Languishing in nothingness the forfeit to dwell.

But I have lived to come and stand again,  
On the wild torrent's brink, with soul serene,  
And watch the flaming amber pour again  
Down the steep chasm its glorious golden stream,  
And by my side Heaven's holy angel stand,  
And in my heart the peace of Heaven shine,  
And as I gazed on the fair, fearful flood,  
My spirit sought the footstool of God's throne!

Oh, God! be blest, that all thy floods have gone  
Over my head—that bitterness is past—  
Oh, God! be praised, that though I stand alone,  
I stand upon Thy steadfast rock at last!  
Dear God! he thanked, that Thou hast let me  
live.

On this his hour of holiest influence mild,  
And bled his heart, and saved my soul alive,  
And as Thine angel given me back my child!

## SAVING LITTLE: WASTING MUCH.

A Story that Husbands may take to heart.

People shook their heads at the marriage. He was too old, too grave (some said austere; others sullen) and she was too young and too inexperienced to understand him. It was a pity, they said, that the father allowed it; but he was such a careless, indifferent, good-for-nothing fellow, that he was neither guide nor father to her, and did not trouble himself as to what became of her. Therefore, some among the friends took the other side, and thought anything good which should rescue her from an unregimented home, and give her that protection and respectability, which she sorely needed from her father, with his dysed hair and padded coat; out all day and all night; filling his house with strange men, of questionable habits and associations. The Ayes had it, and the marriage preparations went on. Pretty Anne Farre indulged in her quiet dreams of peace and home, and drew out for herself the plan of her housekeeping, which was to be so wonderfully perfect and complete; and pictured the delight that she should find in the order and regularity of her married life, and was contented, satisfied, and quite resolved.

Percy Clarke himself, though he was grave and somewhat stern to those with whom he had no special connection, had been a devoted son to that unlovable old mother of his; and was not that a guarantee for Anne? Then, how calm and uniform he was in his manners to her; and this was much to a timid, reserved nature, such as Anne's, whose nerves had been jarred by her father's noisy life and dissolute, impetuous ways, and to whom that whirlwind of passionate, demonstrative, insatiable love, which novelists and youth delight in, would have been simple destruction. Anne reasoned deliberately about her marriage, and did not think it a bad thing on the whole. Although she was only twenty and he eight and thirty, and though her rich brown hair hung bright and thick and warm over her young face, and his wandered sparse and gray down his hollow, shrunken face. She was not romantically in love with him; she knew that; but she respected him. He was quiet, regular, and unobtrusive. Above all, he was a relief and a release. It was not a future to turn from with out some special cause, as she was in that almost disgraceful home of hers, and a young girl, unhappy at home, can find many good reasons why her lover is just the man she should have chosen, and she had the privilege of choice.

They married; and a week after the marriage he took her to his house in Bloomsbury, and Anne's real life began.

Percy was the junior partner in a lawyer's office; with a respectable income, and of a respectable position. Indeed, no other word was so well suited to him as this most comprehensive term: for he was in all things eminently and thoroughly respectable. Modest, too; which English middle-class respectability implies. Of fair average intellect; of fair average social standing; of middle height; by no means bad looking (but by no means handsome); of just such fortune as professional men have when they are comfortably off; without an expensive habit, an unusual taste or a wild idea—he was the very type of the ordinary middle-class Englishman; loved by none, hated by none, but respected by all. He performed the customary duties of life with regularity and without enthusiasm. He went to church punctually once every Sunday, in fine weather. He was a silent man at all times; rarely heard to express an opinion, even on a leading article or the foreign intelligence; parliamentary committee sat uninterested by him—he read the debates without advocacy, and he did not concern the conduct of the Generals abroad in active service. Yet no one said his silence arose from stupidity. On the contrary, his friends believed him to be a deep and

thoughtful man; and that he could, if he would, say much on all matters. His behavior to his wife was in harmony with the rest of him. He was never harsh to her, never ill-humored; but never tender or caressing; not even during that first week spent at a Devonshire watering place, when he had lain silent on the sands all the summer day, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed behind his head, while Anne worked beside him, and strangers thought him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that round hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her must he be! But, after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and recommenced his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the lover-like attentions or tenderness he bestowed on her. Anne had never been accustomed to attention or tenderness, so did not miss them from her married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her house to manage, her servants to initiate into those mysterious secrets called "ways;" her weekly bills to make up and ponder for hours where that mistake of two pence farthing could be; she had her needlework to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and his shirt buttons and wooden socks to superintend, so that she got through her days in all gentle tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to distress, to enrage, or to excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. Yet Anne contrived that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save unseen expenses without curtailing the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies, and devised private and peculiar savings of her own, and thus was enabled to make an appearance of luxury and domestic refinement decidedly beyond her allowance.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Anne," Percy would sometimes say, if she had provided a dinner more showy than ordinary; though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Anne would answer, with a little quiet triumph; "if it were allowance-day, perhaps adding: 'I have made it do exactly this week, and have just four-pence over.'"

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed, that is all." And Anne did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Islington. She was an invalid; and not softened by her age or infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so even-tempered; a good deal more exacting, and actively selfish; for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "she had never taken to that Ann Farre." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her housekeeping; for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active doing among the servants by the mistress. She was one of those, too, who looked up everything, and would have thought it infinite negligence if a mistress gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually impressed on Percy her conviction of waste and thrift in his house; pointing to Anne's little table-elegances, which the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden savings, as evidencing extravagance and needless expenditures. But, as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not inclined to active participation in his mother's views. Nevertheless, her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not tend to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day, Percy came home half an hour later than usual; he who was so methodical and punctual. He was paler than Anne had ever before seen him, as if internally agitated; dining in more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Anne said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in her drawing room, suddenly he looked up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws, and said—

"Anne, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter; besides, you could not understand them, if I did. It is enough to tell you that she comes to-morrow to live with us. Let the best bed-room be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of dutiful and affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notions of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely drooped her eyes over her work, and said, "very well, Percy," in her usual calm, unobtrusive manner. Nothing more was said; and no one knew that, while she sat hemming that precious little robe, tears were silently falling within the shadow of her curls, steeping the muslin held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of most people; and she had no idea of yielding. Anne's quiet pertinacity irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blaring up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all, that she can never be angry, or speak above her breath?" But, harsh critic and undisguised censor as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came, she spoke to her son about his house-bills; asked how much he allowed a week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raining furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great, but unacknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much as that? Well! I must say you

are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father, I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually on less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent; giving only a little inquiring look, as he sat pucker his lips contemptuously.

"I hope you were not thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be ruined, and be forced to come to you for a home at all; old people are best by themselves—but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a week extra," said Percy, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy; she knows little enough of it now. I tell you—and surely I ought to know, I who have kept house these forty years and more—you allow quite enough for us all; and it will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of everything."

"But she is not very extravagant now, mother, is she?"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she cannot make it do, she will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses are before you."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say; and, if Anne is hard pressed and tells me, I will enlarge the allowance."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, as between you and me; but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and can keep my own counsel."

So the law was passed in this domestic Star Chamber, that Anne was to learn experimental improvement in the art and science of housekeeping; a law which never would have been passed at all but for Anne's private and peculiar economies, and her careful concealment of painful details. Percy was inclined to be mean and stingy, certainly, but he was not revoltingly so; and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was too hard to be accomplished. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, just for experiment's sake; but he would not have done more, willingly. So that poor Anne's very care it was which now caused her discomfort; her very economy had created distrust of her management.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was bread for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her early dinners and her hot suppers; eggs and tea-cakes for her breakfast; special tea making; bedroom-fire and the extra candles. The housekeeping books showed frightful figures—increased by a full share and a half. But Anne was not disturbed; but reserved the revelation of those multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had to be made acquainted.

When pay-day came, she told Percy quietly that she was so much short that week.

"I cannot help it; but in such a small family as ours, one person in addition makes a great difference. Our own expenses have been just the same as usual; so that I find your mother's cost exactly equals my deficiency."

"You must provide for that out of the allowance," said Percy, with hardness.

"Out of the allowance, Percy?"

"Yes. I am not able to afford you more; and by some means or other you must make what you have do."

"Very well, Percy; I will try," said Anne, meekly.

"Trying will be of no good if it is not done, Anne."

Percy spoke positively, as if on the brink of displeasure.

"I will do my very best," she repeated.

"But for this past week, Percy, when I did not know your arrangement, and so made no provision—"

She turned such a pretty, pleading face to him, that he said,

"I will pay you for this once—only for this once, mind; not again under any ordinary circumstances"—emphasizing the ordinary. "Remember what I say, Anne. You know I never speak without a meaning. What was it you mentioned you wanted in addition?"

"So much," said Anne, naming a large sum; very large comparatively with the whole. "I have had a great many things to lay in."

"Here, then, is the money," said Percy, slowly counting it out, coin by coin. "Now, do not let me hear the subject repeated. You know what you have to do, and you must do it."

Annie thought long and hard all that day. In what could she retrench? Of course Percy was right; husbands always are right in the eyes of girlish wives not married a year. He was right, and must be obeyed, of course; but how? She would leave off sugar, and profess a sudden distaste for pastry; give up all beer and wine—of which she had but little as it was—and put herself on lenten fare generally. But as yet her proposed retrenchments did not go beyond a few personal sacrifices, and she felt that something more must be done. At last it came to her like a bright inspiration—she would dispense with the extra service she had been accustomed to pay for. The washing was done at home; and the young wife toiled and starched, and stood and stooped, and worked herself to the verge of hysterics and fainting fits. All in the most perfect good faith that such a life was the normal condition of a good housekeeper, and that she was only doing her ordinary duty. No one knew how much she did, but the servants. If old Mrs. Clarke knew it, she kept it to herself, and thought it only as it should be. Percy did not see, and never asked, what his wife did in the house or out of it. He was the most loose-handed husband possible with the marriage-reins with regard to everything except money; and his wife, had

she been so minded, might have enjoyed any amount of questionable independence. This non-interference was what Anne had always liked in him, and what she specially valued now in the pride of her secret household heroism; and, for the next two weeks she was profoundly happy to find that she had succeeded in her obedience, and that her expenses were within the mark. Gratified, in fact, that she could buy luxuries for her peevish mother-in-law, and secure her husband's comfort and approbation by the toil and labor of her own hands. For that was the English of the thing, said the superiorly educated servant.

This could not go on for long. At the proper time Anne's release from household toil came in the form of a beautiful boy, which seemed to her an angel come to lie on her heart. This was Anne's happiest time of life. She had never known a real emotion before; never felt a real love. Her father she had feared and shrank from; her husband she respected and obeyed; but her child—what a golden word of hope and love that was!—what a treasure of divinest joy the warm touches and warm soft lips of that little life unlocked! She would have been contented to pass through years of pain and sorrow for this gracious year; and she felt she could now face any grief with that precious nestling at her heart, to reward her by its love and cheer her by its progress and well-being. Pretty she had always been; but now she was beautiful; so beautiful that the old nurse shook her head, and said she did not like the glory of her young lady's looks; and then she wandered off into half-dozed fatal experiences, which made the servant girl cry; whereas the old dame was satisfied, so went sighing and shaking her head up stairs.

Mrs. Clarke was impatient of Anne's illness. She missed her in the household; she found that the servants were neither so neat nor so thoughtful as Ann, as she used to call her spitefully, exclaiming Anne as too coaxing and refined; and she could not bear that any one about her should need more care than herself. She had been so long accustomed to be the first consideration; so long accustomed, too, to the moral coddling of invalidism, that she did not yield the right of superior care and sympathy to any one. Mrs. Clarke's infirmities and sundry diseases were her social stock in trade. They were her claims to regard and attention, as some people's riches, or as a pretty woman's beauties. She was for ever urging upon Anne the wholesomeness of early exertion and the infinite evil of giving way. So that Anne "put herself forward too soon," said the old nurse, despairingly, and was stirring about the house at a time when other ladies would have been cozily wrapped in white-furred dressing gowns and lying on bed-room sofas.

Percy noticed nothing. When, a fortnight after that new life had come among them, Anne appeared at the dinner-table just the same as ever—only paler and more languid, but infinitely lovelier—his sole remark was: shaking hands with her and kissing her forehead—"It scarcely seems a fortnight, Anne, since you were here; but my mother says it is so." Yet his manner had an indescribable shade of softness quite unusual to him; and Anne forgave the coldness of his spoken welcome.

But Percy was not soft either in speech or in manner; and, after to-day, he gradually relapsed into his old silence and indifference. Anne resumed her household duties; and, in another week all things were exactly the same as before. The old nurse even leaving, called away earlier than was expected, owing to an error in dates elsewhere. And then Anne had her treasure in her sole charge, with no one to whom she could trust her with confidence; therefore, without assistance or relief. She had no nursemaid, and her two servants were not clever about babies. She was surprised to find how that little creature absorbed her time, and how scant was the leisure left for the busy house duties she had undertaken before his birth. Yet the inexorable law had to be fulfilled, however unable she was to fulfill it.

When those terrible house-books had been put back into her hands again, and the mean sum once more doled out, she had received a strict injunction to be doubly careful now with this heavy expense before her, and to remember that she saved for her child while she saved for her husband. This completed the circle of Anne's obligations. Passionate love was now added to her former principle of steady duty, and she had not a wish to evade the observance of her task.

Still, she could not spare so much time as formerly, and she was not yet strong enough for active household work. The consequence was that week by week she fell gradually behind, until she was in debt several pounds; all to be saved out of an allowance that did not compass the inevitable expenses! It was hopeless to think of it. What could she do? If she curtailed her husband of any of his special comforts, she feared he would say that she no longer regarded him, and thought only of her baby. Besides, ought she to fall in making her duty to her husband the first thing in her life? Exacting Mrs. Clarke it was impossible to cut down. By virtue of that fallacy—the privilege of old age—she must be pampered, and petted, and preserved, whoever failed or wanted, and a worn-out useless life be nursed up to croon away a few idle years by the chimney corner, though the young and the needed should perish in its stead. Mrs. Clarke was impossible. What could she give up further in herself? She had not, as it was, one of the ordinary physical helps to a young mother, and, if she reduced her regimen to within straiter limits than at present, she must be content with plain bread and water. What should she do? While in her own room, kneeling by her baby's pretty little cot, and longing for him to awake, she suddenly remembered that she had a handsome old-fashioned pearl necklace of her dear mother's. She never wore it; it was of no use to her. She would sell it; and thus be saved from further anxiety and unhappiness. It might be a pain; but it was only a pain of sentiment at the worst; while, to vex her husband, and perhaps lose his confidence, would be a crime. That very day she paid up all her back bills, and started fair again, with a balance in hand.

But this must not happen again. She must work as she did before; for she was strong now, and must bear her part with the rest. And she did work as before, improving all sorts of portable cradles for her darling, so that she should be watched over the while she was busy, as sedulously as if she had nothing else to do than care for him and guard him. She worked till her limbs ached, and her head was dull, and her heart depressed. She worked till she was faint and giddy, and overwrought. But no one saw it. She looked always neat and glossy for dinner; and Percy did not scrutinize her narrowly enough to see how pale she was; nor how thin; nor how her lips quivered when she spoke, and her eyebrows lifted themselves up, as if to lift a heavy weight from her eyes. He saw her just as she used to be, with her placid smile, and her low, sweet voice; with her dainty costume, always marvellously clean and choice, though simple. He saw nothing beyond all this; and as the house went on exactly as it did before, he was never weary of congratulating himself in secret that he had taken his mother's advice, and had put Anne on her mettle, to rightly understand and practice economical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indignation; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and fault-finding; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Anne's powers were taxed till she was often faint and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though now and then the servant would steal up with tea or coffee, and sometimes with a cup of arrowroot, saved from the old lady's surplus, as more needful to Mrs. Clarke the younger and weaker. The neck of Mrs. Clarke's illness from over-feeding was broken in a fortnight, though things had not quite come back to their old groove even then.

This illness was expensive. Percy did not insist on the house paying for the doctor; but the thousand little luxuries and the inevitable waste of a sick-room made sad havoc with Anne's calculations. Once or twice, when she was very hard pressed, she impoverished her husband's dietary. He always spoke of it, gravely and displeased; and once he said that he did not approve of negligence; which was becoming marked, very marked, and excessively unpleasant. If she neglected him, her husband, how could he feel satisfied that his dear mother, sick and infirm as she was, and obliged, after her long life of independence and well-doing, to come to him for support; how could he feel sure that she received due attention when he was away? He was afraid that Anne's motherhood, instead of opening her heart, had narrowed it. Anne broke her heart, in her silent, quiet little way, over these reproaches, and she inwardly resolved not to offend again, whatever it cost her, or whatever other means she must use.

But those horrible bills! She could not keep them under; not though she cried for vexation and wounded pride, to think what a bad manager she was, and how unfit to have the guidance of Percy's household expenditure. Then her baby wanted some new frocks; and Anne, true to the instincts of a young mother, had set her heart on having them robed and worked, and had been quietly trying to save up for them, little by little, ever since she sold the pearl brooch, the companion to the necklace. But to no purpose. So Anne sold another little trinket, and another, and another; paid her bills, and bought her baby six pretty white-worked frocks, and a white cashmere pelisse, and went to bed that night, proud and bleated as a queen; free from debt.

But Mrs. Clarke complained to her son that yesterday her outfit was tough, and she was sure Ann brought inferior meat for her, that she might save for such senseless extravagance as she had just been committing; for he did not see how she had bedressed up that miserable little baby, who would look much better, too, in nice clean prints, instead of with all those useless follies about him? In her day, indeed, such folly was never thought of, and, for her part, she thought what had been good enough for her children, might be good enough for Anne's. And she wished Percy would mention it.

Percy was hard, but not small. Provided things went the way of his ordering, he did not care to criticise the stages. He soothed his mother, spoke to Anne about the offending meal, but said nothing ill-natured of the frocks. He had not the heart to do it, with the boy laughing and crowing in his mother's arms, and kicking out his little feet, in all the freedom of a first day of short coats.

By degrees, every little article of private property that Anne possessed was swallowed up by extra housekeeping expenses. When she had nothing left that she could appropriate, she had nothing for it but to dismiss her two servants. She hired a strong, good natured maid of all work, clumsy, strong and ignorant; one of the tribe who are prone to fall up stairs with tea-trays; and who, if they were not watched, would fry potatoes in blacking, and laid down with the butter. Thus, all the directing fell to the young mistress, and half the work; for the girl was too uncouth to do anything well, or anything of herself. Day by day she slowly faded and drooped; day by day, patiently and steadily continuing her work; her cheeks paler, her eyes dimmer and larger; the lustre of her warm brown hair dulled, and its color faded; the slender waist shrinking, and the round young throat grew thin and spare. But there was no one with eyes so keen, or love so quick as to mark the change; no one to cheer her by a kindly word; no one to step forward to save her. Unnoticed and unnoticed, she dedicated her precious existence to those who did not love her, nor care to watch or guard her. Too heavy a burden had been laid upon her, but her faithful hands bore it bravely to the last; and with all a woman's trust and fortitude she neither thought it hard nor cried out to be relieved. If she had but spoken! If Percy had but cared to win her confidence!

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down stairs. He found her all appearance dead on the kitchen floor; and taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room. For he

loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke snappishly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but, when the doctor came, he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most sedulously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily reduced, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole mystery was revealed. She was dying, literally from fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the hand that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room, he looked a shrunken, gray, withered old man; as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after his mother.

## SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—  
Stay till the good old year—  
So long companion of our way,  
Shakes hands and leaves us here.

Oh, stay, oh, stay,

One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,  
Has now no hopes to wake;  
Yet one hour more of jest and song  
For his familiar sake.

Oh, stay, oh, stay,

One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year 'his liberal hands  
Have lavished all his store,  
And shall we turn from where he stands,  
Because he gives no more?

Oh, stay, oh, stay,

One grateful hour, and then away.

—Harper's Monthly.

*Slips of the Pen—By an Elderly Woman of the World.*—After all, it is with men as with dinners—the plain and simple ones are those we have recourse to the oftentimes, and of which we tire the least.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding.

Promises go farther than performances, on the principle that Hope has as many lives as a cat, whilst Gratitude no sooner crosses our path, than it is crushed with as little pity as a black beetle!

Every woman has some cosmetics in her cupboard.

Timidity in a man is admired by women a great more than it is liked.

Scandal is a visitor, who never calls without bringing her work with her.

Abuse of women, like the abuse of wine, only falls on the head of him who freely indulges in it.

If it is difficult to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how is it possible that we should see any in ourselves?—Punch.

*Picture.*—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. It is such expressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consoles of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

*Worn Indian Rubber Shoes.*—Many persons wear Indian rubber overshoes in cold dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injudicious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and convenient for covering the feet during wet and sloppy weather, but they never should be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out the water. They should, however, be therefore taken off whenever the wearer enters the house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air tight, and restrain the perspiration of the feet. The air cannot be excluded from them, or any portion of the body, for any length of time, without sensibly affecting the health. No habit tends more to good health than clean feet and clean dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the lower extremities.—Scientific American.

How 'tis it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.



## SONG.

## SOLDATEN-MUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUPT, BY MISS HENRY B. KELLY, U. S. A.

True soldier-pluck, the wide world o'er,  
Will win in peace or war;  
Where loud the flashing cannons roar,  
Where trills the light guitar,  
Be 't for a kiss, with maid or wife,  
For life's blood, with the foe,  
The soldier's eager for the strife—  
For pluck will win, you know,  
Hurrah!

For pluck will win, you know!

Where sweeps the dance in giddy whirl,  
And bright eyes flash for joy,  
The arm enclasps the laughing girl,  
And hand with hand may toy;  
Who sees too long, we're wine a kiss,  
The soldier woe not so,  
But dashes boldly on to bliss—  
For pluck will win, you know,  
Hurrah!

For pluck will win, you know!

For when on sultry Summer's day  
The march is far and fast,  
The gallant charger's strength gives way,  
He sinks and falls at last;  
The soldier keeps his courage up,  
And sings a-woo-rah-loo,  
For he will neither flinch nor droop—  
Sheer pluck will take him through,  
Hurrah!

Sheer pluck will take him through!

And where proud banners flaunt the gale,  
And hostile columns clash,  
And far and near, o'er hill and dale,  
The iron thunders crash;  
Far flashing steel from out the strife  
Sends forth its glittering ray;  
There, man to man, and life for life,  
True pluck will win the day,  
Hurrah!

True pluck will win the day!

And should my mortal hour be nigh,  
I'm ready, prompt at hand;  
'Tis not for coward I die,  
But for my Fatherland!  
I've done my duty like a man,  
And sealed it with my blood;  
So live—so die—be that your plan,  
And pluck will make it good,  
Hurrah!

And pluck will make it good!

## A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE REVENGE.

"Open the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one."

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

"Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zeb's dead!" The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

"Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebeked Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. "He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others."

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done."

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the newcomers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of "Fire!" under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—"in a case of life and death," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbors that his uncle had been

found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

"He's gone then, at last!" "Well, we're all mortal, you see!" "His money's o' no use to him now!" were among the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

"Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm," said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs. Mallet. "You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the way o' Providence, and all for the best, you know."

Seeing that Mrs. Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part not to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

"Go home, Hannah," whispered her husband; "I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess."

Mrs. Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting at windows and on doorsteps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid "lowering herself" by talking to them; if she lingered, it would be to show herself and receive homage. But Mrs. Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The man hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then—a clean intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

"Come here, Jessie," said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

"You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?" Richard kissed the child's forehead.

"Yes, father."

"Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?"

"Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then."

"What else did he say?"

"He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you,' and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so."

"Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah," remarked Richard, turning to his wife. "I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

"You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?"

"Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's left it to a 'spital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of his poor lame child inheriting any of the holdings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well, Richard," was her concluding remark that night, "we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the color o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favor."

"You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said."

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing notes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer,) and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively: the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavor to grasp their meaning. The executor appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebeked Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There

appeared to be something unusual in the document.

"All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever," repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of "hem"—"I give and bequeath to—Jessie Mallet" (the parents both turned pale); "the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this—"

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue."

"No, sir; go on; she can hear it," said Richard.

The expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

"Hannah," said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—"it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thousand—! Oh dear, dear!"

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

"Call Jessie here," said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

"Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you," began Richard. "Now listen to what I am going to say: you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebeked's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman, one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own."

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

"You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?"

"Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother."

"But I shan't leave you," said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

"Yes, we mustn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us."

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed, reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to live in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, and took her chair out of her father's sight and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

"Oh, Richard, if his words should come true, if our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!"

"Hush, Hannah!" Richard checked his wife angrily. "It's only like a baby to talk that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!"

Though Richard assumed indifference to his wife's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: "May it place a bar between them all their lives."

Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about "the gold" and "my own brain." But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that those same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitting her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school, in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebeked Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good humoredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbors thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eyes often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead; they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb had proposed no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

"Hannah," said Richard Mallet to his wife, one Friday morning, "I shan't be home to-night, nor maybe for these next three days. I'm going to see her."

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. For long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a tall, thin man coming slowly up the street. A neighboring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and faded, she hardly knew him.

"It's me a sup to drink, Hannah," said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot.

"It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do." He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said:—

"I can't touch my supper yet awhile. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we're done with it." He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:—

"Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me! I hadn't the face to show myself, arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to myself: 'It will never do to show yourself there, my man; and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in your chair." He paused a moment, then went on. "You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgive me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's doin' of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in an upish-sort of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as I went, without ever hearing the sound of my own voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!"

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repeated of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

"Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?" the parents asked themselves.

"Jessie would never be theirs any more now," said the poor mother. "They had better forget their own lair. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them."

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

"Hannah," said he one day, "we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word."

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE AFTERNOON.

Oh, call in the afternoon.  
When all is quiet and still,  
For noon is the mountain top,  
And 'tis pleasantest down the hill.  
Then sit till the twilight comes,  
And is lost in the rising moon,  
And the tenderest thoughts spring up.  
Oh, call in the afternoon.

Ab, morning calls are cold,  
And are buried in the knell  
Which summons all the world—  
The ring of the dinner bell.  
But, oh, when dinner is done,  
You cannot be here too soon.  
When the care of the day is o'er,  
Oh! call in the afternoon.

Seven men confining a...

Correction, say their first...

tending a private meeting...

dates for city office.—Boston.

## FANNY'S BARN-YARD SONG.

Chick! chick! chick! oh, come along, quick!  
From my little fingers a crumb you may pick.  
Quack! quack! quack! says the white old drake,  
And the ducks shake their tails with a short little shake.

Quack! quack! quack! says the one in black,  
And they split their throats, as they answer,  
quack!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! here's a health to you!  
And the rooster bows to the feathered crew.  
Cluck! cluck! cluck! I wish you much luck,  
Says a mother hen to a setting duck.

Pe! pe! pe! oh, pray wait for me!  
Say the turkey brood, as plain as can be.  
Gobble! gobble! gobble! my meat's in a bubble,  
Says the strutting cock, with an ugly gobble.

Put rack! put rack! I'll quit such a pack.  
Sings the Guinea hen, as she stews the truck.  
'Taint never so wise, as seems a sensible goose.  
To mind the rude ways of fools who is loose.

Then hooting away, quite happy and proud,  
She waddles away, quite happy and proud.  
Now the peacock tries, with his hundred eyes,  
To astonish and awe; but the chameleon rises  
And clearing their throats, flap their short-tailed coats.

While they sweep the barn-yard of corn and oats,  
Then the Poland duck, with his comb in a truck,  
Gives a foreign twist to his tail feathers,  
While a bantam waltz goes on tip-toe a spool,  
To escort for a while a Cockerelle belle.  
Then they crackle and crow, hiss, gobble, and blow.

And all speak at once, both high and low,  
Hush! hush! hush! cry the Muscovies, hush!  
We are whispering secrets as soft as a mouse.  
Then bowing around, almost to the ground,  
They bobbing retire with a murmuring sound.  
And chick! chick! chick! oh, come along, quick,  
Brings order again, while a crumb they pick.

## RAISING THE WIND.

The other morning a lady left home to make some purchases, pay some visits, or transact some other feminine business, no matter what. As she was walking along one of our best streets, which happened to be nearly empty at the time, she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a perfect stranger to her. He was short and stout, with a bushy head of hair, white gloves, cloak, and all the other outward evidence of gentility. He addressed her very familiarly, and expressed his pleasure at having met her.

"I believe I have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir," said the lady, drily, for his familiarity was rather of the impudent order.

"Well, never mind about that, it is never too late to make an agreeable acquaintance. Are you going up this way? I'll go along; or here, take my arm."

"I really must decline the honor, sir, and request you, if you are a gentleman, to leave me at once."

"Bah! how pretty you look, when you are angry!" and the vulgar fellow was preparing to put his arm round her waist, when the lady was overjoyed at seeing a tall, well-dressed gentlemanly man turn the corner, and advance rapidly towards them. Her exclamations brought him to her side at once, and his presence seemed to cool down in a wonderful degree the ardor of the first comers.

"What is the matter, madam?" he asked, "has anything happened? Can I be of service to you in any way?"

"Sir, I have been grossly insulted by this person."

"You scoundrel!" (shaking his stick at the short fellow, who sneaked away,) "if it was not for making a scene in the open street, I would cudgel you to death. (To the lady.) The vagabond who presumed to insult you, is gone, madam; you need not fear now."

"I am under the greatest obligations—" "Oh, don't mention it, I beg you. Will you allow me to offer my escort, to prevent the repetition of any such insult?"

"I should be sorry to trouble you, but really I have been so much agitated by what has happened, and my nerves are quite unstrung, and I must go home—if it is not taxing your politeness too much—that fellow may return."

"Don't be afraid, I will take care of him."

The lady accepted the gentleman's proffered arm very thankfully, and retraced her steps home. On the way they talked about balls and concerts, the weather, the opera, the news of the day, and other things which make up fashionable conversation. To judge from the gentleman's manner and discourse, as well as from his frock, cane, and yellow gloves, he was altogether *comme il faut*. When they reached the lady's door, he bowed and was taking his leave.

"I really feel much indebted, sir," said she, "for your very timely interference."

"Don't say anything more, I beg of you."

"Very much indebted, indeed, and if—I could acknowledge your services in any way—"

"Why, if you please, you may give me two shillings."

"Two—?" The lady was thunderstruck; but she really felt grateful to her preserver from insult, and without saying a word, pulled out her purse and handed him the money. He took it and walked away. At the corner, our short friend of the cloak and white gloves met him.

"Well," asked he, "how much did you get?"

"Two shillings," replied he of the cane and yellow gloves.

"That will do; let's go and get some breakfast."

HARD BUT JUST.—An act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1670, "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by accents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."



# WRITTEN AT TRENTON FALLS, BY FANNY KEMBLE.

FROM A NEW VOL. IN PRESS BY TICKNER & FIELDS.

When first I stood upon this rocky ledge,  
Beneath whose brink the frenzied waters fell,  
And eager leaping from the dizzy edge,  
Gazed breathless in the children where they  
bore,  
Love held my hand, and bade me nothing fear,  
For life and youth, and joy, and hope, were  
mine.

And death and sorrow could not come so near,  
I was so compassed with their arms divine.  
Oh, God! how full of happiness I stood!  
Looking into the eyes that were my day,  
And felt my soul, borne like that rushing flood,  
In eddying torrents of delight away.

When next I came into this water's brink,  
A devil dragged me ruthless toward the wave,  
And bowed my head, and bade me plunge, and  
sink,  
And thrust me downward to that hideous  
grave!

Crying, "Go down! into that clamorous death,  
That leaps, and rolls, and roars, to swallow  
thee,  
For what hast thou to do with living breath,  
Who hast outlived all life but agony!"

Oh, God! how full of misery I lay!  
On the grim margin of that dreary wall,  
Of love, and hope, and wretchedness cast away,  
Longing in nothingness themselves to dwell.

But I have lived to come and stand again  
On the wild torrent's brink, with soul serene,  
And watch the flaming amber pour again  
Down the steep chasm its glorious golden stream,  
And by my side Heaven's holy angel stood,  
And in my hand the peace of Heaven shone.

And as I gazed on the fair, fearful flood,  
My spirit sought the footstool of God's throne:  
Oh, God! be blest, that all thy floods have gone  
Over my head!—that bitterness is past—  
Oh, God! be praised, that though I stand alone,  
I stand upon Thy steadfast rock at last!

Dear God! be thanked, that Thou hast let me  
live  
On till this hour of holiest influence mild,  
And healed my heart, and saved my soul alive,  
And as Thine angel given me back my child!

## SAVING LITTLE: WASTING MUCH.

A Story that Husbands may take to heart.

People shook their heads at the marriage. He was too old, too grave (some said austere; others sullen) and she was too young and too inexperienced to understand herself. It was a pity, they said, that the father allowed it; but he was such a careless, indifferent, good-for-nothing fellow, that he was neither guide nor father to her, and did not trouble himself as to what became of her. Therefore, some among the friends took the other side, and thought anything good which should rescue her from an uncongenial home, and give her that protection and respectability, which she sorely needed from her father, with his dyed hair and padded coats: out all day and up all night: filling his house with strange men, of questionable habits and associations. The Ayre had it, and the marriage preparations went on. Pretty Anne Parre indulged in her quiet dreams of peace and home, and drew out for herself the plan of her housekeeping, which was to be so wonderfully perfect and complete, and pictured the delight that she should find in the order and regularity of her married life, and was contented, satisfied, and quite resolved.

Percy Clarke himself, though he was grave and somewhat stern to those with whom he had no special connection, had been a devoted son to that unlovely old mother of his; and was not that a guarantee for Anne? Then, how calm and uniform he was in his manners to her; and this was much to a timid, nervous nature, such as Anne's; whose nerves had been jarred by her father's noisy life and dissipation, impetuous ways, and to whom that whirlwind of passionate, demonstrative, insatiable love, which novelists and youth delight in, would have been simple destruction. Anne resounded deliberately about her marriage, and did not think it a bad thing on the whole. Although she was only twenty and he eight and thirty, and though her rich brown hair hung bright and thick and warm over her young face, and his wandered sparse and gray down his hollow, shrunken face. She was not romantically in love with him; she knew that; but she respected him. He was quiet, regular, and unassuming. Above all, he was a relief and a release. It was not a future to turn from without some special cause, wretched as she was in that almost disgraceful home of hers; and a young girl, unhappy at home, can find many good reasons why her lover is just the man she should have chosen, and she had the privilege of choice.

They married; and a week after the marriage he took her to his house in Bloomsbury, and Anne's real life began. Percy was the junior partner in a lawyer's office; with a respectable income, and of a respectable position. Indeed, no other word was so well suited to him as this most comprehensive term; for he was in all things eminently and thoroughly respectable. Medicine, too; which English middle-class respectability implies. Of fair average intellect; of fair average social standing; of middle height; by no means bad looking (but by no means handsome); of just such fortune as professional men have when they are comfortably off; without an expensive habit, an unusual taste or a wild idea—he was the very type of the ordinary middle-class Englishman: loved by none, hated by none, but respected by all. He performed the customary duties of life with regularity and without enthusiasm. He went to church punctually once every Sunday, in fine weather. He was a silent man at all times; rarely heard to express an opinion, even on a leading article or the foreign intelligence; parliamentary committee sat untroubled by him—no need the debate without advocacy, and he did not consider the conduct of the General abroad in active service. Yet no one said his silence arose from stupidity. On the contrary, his friends believed him to be a deep and

thoughtful man; and that he could, if he would, say much on all matters. His behavior to his wife was in harmony with the rest of him. He was never harsh to her, never ill-humored; but never tender or caressing: not even during that first week spent at a Devonshire watering place, when he had laid himself out on the sands all the summer day, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed behind his head, while Anne worked beside him, and strangers thought him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that round hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her he must be! But, after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and recommenced his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the lover-like attentions or tenderness he bestowed on her. Anne had never been accustomed to attention or tenderness, so did not miss them from her married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her house to manage, her servants to initiate into those mysterious secrets called "ways," her weekly bills to make up and ponder for hours where that mistake of two pence farthing could be: she had her needlework to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and his shirt buttons and woolen socks to superintend; so that she got through her days in all gentle tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to distress, to enrage, or to excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. Yet Anne contrived that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save uncounted expenses without curtailing the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies, and devised private and peculiar savings of her own, and thus was enabled to make an appearance of luxury and domestic refinement decidedly beyond her allowance.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Anne," Percy would sometimes say, if she had provided a dinner more showy than ordinary; though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Anne would answer, with a little quiet triumph: if it were allowance-day, perhaps adding: "I have made it do exactly this week, and have just four-pence over."

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed, that is all." And Anne did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Belington. She was an invalid; and not softened by her age or infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so even-tempered; a good deal more exacting, and actively selfish; for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "she had never taken to that Ann Parre." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her housekeeping; for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active doing among the servants by the mistress. She was one of those, too, who looked up everything, and would have thought it infinite negligence if a mistress gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually impressed on Percy her conviction of waste and unthriftness in his house; pointing to Anne's little table elegancies, which the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden savings, as evidencing extravagance and needless expenditure. But, as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not inclined to active participation in his mother's views. Nevertheless, her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not tend to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day, Percy came home half an hour later than usual: he was so methodical and punctual. He was paler than Anne had ever before seen him, as if internally agitated; dining in more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Anne said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in the drawing room, suddenly he looked up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws, and said—

"Anne, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter; besides, you could not understand them, if I did. It is enough to tell you that she comes to-morrow to live with us. Let the best bed-room be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of dutiful and affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notions of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely dropped her eyes over her work, and said, "very well, Percy." In her usual calm, undemonstrative manner. Nothing more was said; and no one knew that, while she sat hemming that precious little robe, tears were silently falling within the shadow of her curls, steeping the muslin held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of most people; and she had no idea of yielding. Anne's quiet pertinacity irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blushing up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all, that she can never be angry, or speak above her breath?"

But, harsh critic and undisguised censurer as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came, she spoke to her son about his house-bills; asked how much he allowed a week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raining furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great, but unacknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much as that? Well! I must say you

are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father, I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually on less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent; giving only a little inquiring look, as he sat peering his lips contemptuously.

"I hope you were not thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be ruined, and be forced to come to you for a home at all; old people are best by themselves—but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a week extra," said Percy, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy; she knows little enough of it now. I tell you—and surely I ought to know, I who have kept house these forty years and more—you allow quite enough for us all; and it will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of everything."

"But she is not very extravagant now, mother, is she?"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she cannot make it do, she will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses are before you."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say; and, if Anne is hard pressed and tells me, I will enlarge the allowance."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, as between you and me; but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and can keep my own counsel."

So the law was passed in this domestic Chamber, that Anne was to learn experimental improvement in the art and science of housekeeping; a law which never would have been passed at all but for Anne's private and peculiar economies, and her careful concealment of painful details. Percy was inclined to be mean and stingy, certainly, but he was not revoltingly so; and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was too hard to be accomplished. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, just for experiment's sake; but he would not have done more, willingly. So that poor Anne's very care it was which now caused her discomfort; her very economy had created distrust of her management.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was brandy for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her early dinners and her hot suppers; eggs and tea-cakes for her breakfast; special tea making; bedroom-fire and the extra candles. The housekeeping books showed frightful figures—increased by a full share and a half. But Anne was not disturbed; but reserved the revelation of those multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had to be made acquainted.

When pay-day came, she told Percy quietly that she was so much short that week.

"I cannot help it; but in such a small family as ours, one person in addition makes a great difference. Our own expenses have been just the same as usual; so that I find your mother's cost exactly equals my deficiency."

"You must provide for that out of the allowance," said Percy, with hardness.

"Out of the allowance, Percy?"

"Yes. I am not able to afford you more; and by some means or other you must make what you have do."

"Very well, Percy; I will try," said Anne, meekly.

"Trying will be of no good if it is not done, Anne."

Percy spoke positively, as if on the brink of displeasure.

"I will do my very best," she repeated.

"But for this past week, Percy, when I did not know your arrangement, and so made no provision—"

She turned such a pretty, pleading face to him, that he said,

"I will pay you for this once—only for this once, mind; not again under any ordinary circumstances"—emphasizing the ordinary. "Remember what I say, Anne. You know I never speak without a meaning. What was it you mentioned you wanted in addition?"

"So much," said Anne, naming a large sum; very large comparatively with the whole. "I have had a great many things to lay in."

"Here, then, is the money," said Percy, slowly counting it out, coin by coin. "Now, do not let me hear the subject repeated. You know what you have to do, and you must do it."

Annie thought long and hard all that day. In what could she retrench? Of course Percy was right; husbands always are right in the eyes of girlish wives not married a year. He was right, and must be obeyed, of course; but how? She would leave off sugar, and profess a sudden distaste for pastry; give up all beer and wine—of which she had but little as it was—and put herself on lenten fare generally. But as yet her proposed retrenchments did not go beyond a few personal sacrifices, and she felt that something more must be done. At last it came to her like a bright inspiration—she would dispense with the extra service she had been accustomed to pay for. The washing was done at home; and the young wife ironed and starched, and stood and stooped, and worked herself to the verge of hysterics and fainting fits; all in the most perfect good faith that such a life was the normal condition of a good housekeeper, and that she was only doing her ordinary duty. No one knew how much she did, but the servants. If old Mrs. Clarke knew it, she kept it to herself, and thought it only as it should be. Percy did not see, and never asked, what his wife did in the house or out of it. He was the most loose-handed husband possible with the marriage-vows with regard to everything except money; and his wife, had

she been so minded, might have enjoyed any amount of questionable independence. This non-interference was what Anne had always liked in him, and what she specially valued now in the pride of her secret household horum; and, for the next two weeks she was profoundly happy to find that she had succeeded in her obedience, and that her expenses were within the mark. Grateful, in fact, that she could buy luxuries for her peevish mother-in-law, and secure her husband's comfort and approbation by the toil and labor of her own hands. For that was the English of the thing, said the superiorly educated servant.

This could not go on for long. At the proper time Anne's release from household toil came in the form of a beautiful boy, which seemed to her an angel come to lie on her heart. This was Anne's happiest time of life. She had never known a real emotion before; never felt a real love. Her father she had feared and shrank from; her husband she respected and obeyed; but her child—what a golden word of hope and love that was!—what a treasure of divinity joy the waxen touches and warm soft lips of that little life unlocked! She would have been contented to pass through years of pain and sorrow for this gracious time; and she felt she could now face any grief with that precious nestling at her heart, to reward her by its love and cheer her by its progress and well-being. Pretty she had always been; but now she was beautiful; so beautiful that the old nurse shook her head, and said she did not like the glory of her young lady's looks; and then she murmured off into half-a-dozen fatal experiences, which made the servant girls cry; whereas the old dame was satisfied, so went sighing and shaking her head upstairs.

Mrs. Clarke was impatient of Anne's illness. She missed her in the household; she found that the servants were neither so neat nor so thoughtful as Ann, as she used to call her spitefully, eschewing the Anne as too coaxing and refined; and she could not bear that any one about her should need more care than herself. She had been so long accustomed to be the first consideration; so long accustomed, too, to the moral coddling of invalidship, that she did not yield the right of superior care and sympathy to any one. Mrs. Clarke's infirmities and sundry diseases were her social stock in trade. They were her claims to regard and attention, as some people's riches, or as a pretty woman's beauties. She was for ever urging upon Anne the wholesomeness of early exertion and the infinite evil of giving way. So that Anne "put herself forward too soon," said the old nurse, despairingly, and was stirring about the house at a time when other ladies would have been cozily wrapped in white-frilled dressing gowns and lying on bed-room sofas.

Percy noticed nothing. When, a fortnight after that new life had come among them, Anne appeared at the dinner-table just the same as ever—only paler and more languid, but infinitely lovelier—his sole remark was—shaking hands with her and kissing her forehead—"It scarcely seems a fortnight, Anne, since you were here; but my mother says it is so." Yet his manner had an indescribable shade of softness quite unusual to him; and Anne forgave the coldness of his spoken welcome.

But Percy was not soft either in speech or in manner; and, after to-day, he gradually relapsed into his old silence and indifference. Anne resumed her household duties; and, in another week all things were exactly the same as before. The old nurse even leaving, called away earlier than was expected, owing to an error in dates elsewhere. And then Anne had her treasure in her sole charge, with no one to whom she could trust him with confidence; therefore, without assistance or relief. She had no nursemaid, and her two servants were not clever about babies. She was surprised to find how that little creature absorbed her time, and how scant was the leisure left for the busy house duties she had undertaken before his birth. Yet the inexorable law had to be fulfilled, however unable she was to fulfil it.

When those terrible house-books had been put back into her hands again, and the mean sum once more doled out, she had received a strict injunction to be doubly careful now with this heavy expense before her, and to remember that she saved for her child while she saved for her husband. This completed the circle of Anne's obligations. Passionate love was now added to her former principle of steady duty, and she had not a wish to evade the observance of her task.

Still, she could not spare so much time as formerly, and she was not yet strong enough for active household work. The consequence was that week by week she fell gradually behind, until she was in debt several pounds; all to be saved out of an allowance that did not compass the inevitable expenses! It was hopeless to think of it. What could she do? If she curtailed her husband of any of his special comforts, she feared he would say that she no longer regarded him, and thought only of her baby. Besides, ought she to fail in making her duty to her husband the first thing in her life? Exacting Mrs. Clarke it was impossible to cut down. By virtue of that fallacy—the privilege of old age—she must be pampered, and petted, and pretered, whoever failed or wanted, and a worn-out useless life be nursed up to crouch away a few idle years by the chimney corner, though the young and the needed should perish in its stead. Mrs. Clarke was impossible. What could she give up further in herself? She had not, as it was, one of the ordinary physical helps to a young mother, and if she reduced her regimen to within straiter limits than at present, she must be content with plain bread and water. What should she do? While in her own room, kneeling by her baby's pretty little cot, and longing for him to awake, she suddenly remembered that she had a handsome old-fashioned pearl necklace of her dear mother's. She never wore it; it was of no use to her. She would sell it; and thus be saved from further anxiety and unhappiness. It might be a pain; but it was only a pain of sentiment at the worst; while, to vex her husband, and perhaps lose his confidence, would be a crime. That very day she paid up all her back bills, and started fair again, with a balance in hand.

But this must not happen again. She must work as she did before; for she was strong now, and must bear her part with the rest. And she did work as before, improving all sorts of portable cradles for her darling, so that he should be watched over the while she was busy, as zealously as if she had nothing else to do than care for him and guard him. She worked till her limbs ached, and her head was dull, and her heart depressed. She worked till she was faint and giddy, and overwrought. But no one saw it. She looked always neat and glossy for dinner; and Percy did not scrutinize her narrowly enough to see how pale she was; nor how thin; nor how her lips quivered when she spoke, and her eyebrows lifted themselves up, as if to lift a heavy weight from her eyes. He saw her just as she used to be, with her placid smile, and her low, sweet voice; with her dainty costume, always marvellously clean and choice, though simple. He saw nothing beyond all this; and as the house went on exactly as it did before, he was never weary of congratulating himself in secret that he had taken his mother's advice, and had put Anne on her mettle, to rightly understand and practice economical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and fault-finding; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Anne's powers were taxed till she was often faint and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though now and then the servant would steal up with tea or coffee, and sometimes with a cup of arrowroot, saved from the old lady's surplus, as more useful to Mrs. Clarke the younger and weaker. The neck of Mrs. Clarke's illness from over-feeding was broken in a fortnight, though things had not quite come back to their old groove even then.

This illness was expensive. Percy did not insist on the house paying for the doctor; but the thousand little luxuries and the inevitable waste of a sick-room made sad havoc with Anne's calculations. Once or twice, when she was very hard pressed, she impoverished her husband's dietary. He always spoke of it, gravely and displeased; and once he said that he did not approve of negligence; which was becoming marked, very marked, and excessively unpleasant. If she neglected him, her husband, how could he feel satisfied that his dear mother, sick and infirm as she was, and obliged, after her long life of independence and well-doing, to come to him for support; how could he feel sure that she received due attention when he was away? He was afraid that Anne's motherhood, instead of opening her heart, had narrowed it. Anne broke her heart, in her silent, quiet little way, over these reproaches, and she inwardly resolved not to offend again, whatever it cost her, or whatever other means she must use.

But those horrible bills! She could not keep them under; not though she cried for respite and wounded pride, to think what a bad manager she was, and how unfit to have the guidance of Percy's household expenditure. Then her baby wanted some new frocks; and Anne, true to the instincts of a young mother, had set her heart on having them robed and worked, and had been quietly trying to save up for them, little by little, ever since she sold the pearl brooch, the companion to the necklace. But to no purpose. So Anne sold another little trinket, and another, and another; paid her bills, and bought her baby six pretty white-worked frocks, and a white cashmere pelisse, and went to bed that night, proud and bleated as a queen; free from debt.

But Mrs. Clarke complained to her son that yesterday her outlet was tough, and she was sure Ann bought inferior meat for her, that she might save for such senseless extravagance as she had just been committing; for he did not see how she had bedesined up that miserable little baby, who would look much better, too, in nice clean prints, instead of with all those useless fallals about him? In her day, indeed, such folly was never thought of, and, for her part, she thought what had been good enough for her children, might be good enough for Ann's. And she wished Percy would mention it.

Percy was hard, but not small. Provided things went the way of his ordering, he did not care to criticize the stages. He soothed his moral, spoke to Anne about the offending real, but said nothing ill-natured of the frocks. He had not the heart to do it, with the boy laughing and crowing in his mother's arms, and kicking off his little feet, in all the freedom of a first day of short coats.

By degrees, every little article of private property that Anne possessed was swallowed up by extra housekeeping expenses. When she had nothing left that she could appropriate, she had nothing for it but to dismiss her two servants. She hired a strong, good-natured maid of all work, clumsy, strong and ignorant; one of the tribe who are prone to fall up stairs with tea-trays; and who, if they were not watched, would fry potatoes in blacking, and laid boxes with the butter. Thus, all the directing fell to the young mistress, and half the work for the girl was too unsmooth to do anything well, or anything of herself. Day by day she slowly faded and drooped; day by day, patiently and steadily continuing her work; her cheeks paler, her eyes dimmer and larger; the lustre of her warm brown hair dulled, and its color faded; the slender waist shrinking, as the round young throat grew thin and spare. But there was no one with eyes so keen, or love so quick as to mark the change; no one to cheer her by a kindly word; no one to step forward to save her. Unpitied and unnoticed, she dedicated her precious existence to those who did not love her, nor care to watch or guard her. Too heavy a burden had been laid upon her, but her faithful hands bore it bravely to the last; and with a woman's trust and fortitude she neither thought it hard nor cruel out to be relieved. If she had but spoken! If Percy had but cared to win her confidence!

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down-stairs. He found her all appearance dead on the kitchen floor; and taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room. For he

loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke snappishly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but, when the doctor came, he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most assiduously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily reduced, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole mystery of fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the hand that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room, he looked a shrunken, gray, withered old man; as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after its mother.

## SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—  
Stay till the good old year—  
So long companion of our way,  
Shakes hands and leaves us here.

Oh, stay, oh, stay,  
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,  
Has now no hopes to wake;  
Yet one hour more of fest and song  
For his familiar sake.

Oh, stay, oh, stay,  
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year! his liberal hands  
Have lavished all his store,  
And shall we turn from where he stands,  
Because he gives no more?

Oh, stay, oh, stay,  
One grateful hour, and then away.

—Harper's Monthly.

Stars of the Past—By an Elderly Woman of the World.—After all, it is with men as with diamonds—the plain and simple ones are those we have recourse to the ofttest, and of which we tre the least.

Creditors and poor relations never call at the right moment.

The love that is fed with presents always requires feeding.

Promises go farther than performances, on the principle that Hope has as many lives as a cat, whilst Gratitude no sooner crosses our path, than it is crushed with as little pity as a black beetle!

Every woman has some cosmetics in her cupboard.

Timidity in a man is admired by women a great more than it is liked.

Scandal is a visitor, who never calls without bringing her work with her.

Abuse of women, like the abuse of wine, only falls on the head of him who freely indulges in it.

If it is difficult to see any fault in a child, or a book, or a pudding, or any one we love, how is it possible that we should see any in ourselves?—Punch.

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an expressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

WHEN TO WEAR INDIAN RUBBER.—Many persons wear Indian rubber overshoes in cold dry weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injudicious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and convenient for covering the feet during wet and sloppy weather, but they never should be worn on any other occasion; their sole are should be to keep out the water. They should, however, be therefore taken off whenever the wearer enters the house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are at right, and restrain the perspiration of the feet. The air cannot be excluded from them, or any portion of the body, for any length of time, without sensibly affecting the health. No habit tends more to good health than clean feet and clean dry stockings, so as to allow the free perspiration of the soles extremities.—Scientific American.

How's 'n' it, it seems to me,  
To only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Tennyson.



## SONG.

## SOLDATEN-MUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUPT, BY LIEUT. HENRY B. KELLY, U. S. A.

True soldier-pluck, the wide world o'er,  
Will win in peace or war;  
Where loud the flashing cannon roar,  
Where trills the light guitar!  
Be 't for a kiss, with maid or wife,  
For life's blood, with the foe,  
The soldier's eager for the strife—  
For pluck will win, you know,  
Hurrah!

For pluck will win, you know!

Where sweeps the dance in giddy whirl,  
And bright eyes flash for joy,  
The arm enfold the laughing girl,  
And hand with hand may toy;  
Who sees too long, no'er wins a kiss,  
The soldier woe not so,  
But dashes boldly on to bliss—  
For pluck will win, you know,  
Hurrah!

For pluck will win, you know!

For when on sultry Summer's day  
The march is far and fast,  
The gallant charger's strength gives way,  
He sinks and falls at last;  
The soldier keeps his courage up,  
And singe it too far too,  
For he will neither falter nor drop—  
Sheer pluck will take him through,  
Hurrah!

Sheer pluck will take him through!

And where proud banners float the gale,  
And hostile columns clash,  
And far and near, o'er hill and dale,  
The iron thunders crash;  
Far flashing steel from out the strife  
Sends forth its glittering ray,  
There, man to man, and life for life,  
True pluck will win the day,  
Hurrah!

True pluck will win the day!

And should my mortal hour be nigh,  
I'm ready, prompt at hand;  
'Tis not for sordid gold I die,  
But for my Fatherland!  
I've done my duty like a man,  
And sealed it with my blood;  
So live—so die—be that your plan,  
And pluck will make it good,  
Hurrah!

And pluck will make it good!

## A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE REVENGE.

"Open the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one."

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

"Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee's dead!" The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

"Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. "He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others."

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done."

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of "Fire!" under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—"in a case of life and death," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbors that his uncle had been

found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

"He's gone then, at last!" "Well, we're all mortal, you see!" "His money's o' no use to him now!" were among the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

"Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm," said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs. Mallet. "You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the way o' Providence, and all for the best, you know."

Seeing that Mrs. Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part not to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

"Go home, Hannah," whispered her husband; "I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess."

Mrs. Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting, at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid "lowering herself" by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to show herself and receive homage. But Mrs. Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The man hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then—a clean intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

"Come here, Jessie," said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

"You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?" Richard kissed the child's forehead.

"Yes, father."

"Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?"

"Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then."

"What else did he say?"

"He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you,' and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so."

"Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah," remarked Richard, turning to his wife. "I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

"You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?"

"Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know after long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well, Richard," was her concluding remark that night, "we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the color o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we're seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demand ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favor."

"You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said."

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morning.

When the morning came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively: the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavor to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced with a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There

appeared to be something unusual in the document.

"All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever," repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of "hem!"—"I give and bequeath to—to—Jessie Mallet" (the parents both turned pale), "the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this—"

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue."

"No, sir; go on: she can hear it," said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. "And this is the reason I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sewing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!"

Mrs. Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

"May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. 'Ill-gotten gains never prosper,' he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when those same gains have become the legacy of his own child."

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs. Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

"Them is words, sir, as nobody has a right to use," said he, in a low, hoarse voice—"them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment agin him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah: I know what I'm saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!"

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

"When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agin me, as he once tried to set me agin my wife, I wish the Lord may!"

"Oh, Richard, don't, don't!" His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. "Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. Oh, my poor man!"

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

"You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice."

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

"Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please."

"No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail," replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

"Then, sir," said Richard, slowly and deliberately, "I'd like to say once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I hereby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money."

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. "Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again."

"Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr. Mallet," said the lawyer. "But I must remind you, that—that the property of the deceased is left to your child, and not to yourself. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office."

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

## CHAPTER II.

## HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her bedside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milk-milk came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

"Are you angry, mother?" asked the child once, as she caught one of those looks fixed upon her.

"Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows!" and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes, and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by

the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

"Hannah," said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—"it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What! Twenty thousand—! Oh dear, dear!"

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

"Call Jessie here," said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

"Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you," began Richard. "Now listen to what I am going to say; you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebedee's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman, one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own."

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

"You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?"

"Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a house of our own, then, and a garden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother."

"But I shan't leave you," said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

"Yes, we mustn't keep her close ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us."

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed, reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to live in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, and took her chair out of her father's sight and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fire till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

"Oh Richard, if his words should come true, if our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!"

"Hush, Hannah!" Richard checked his wife angrily. "It's only like a baby to talk that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!"

Though Richard assumed indifference to his wife's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears.

As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: "May it place a bar between them all their lives." Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about "the gold" and "my own bairn."

By day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitting her altered circumstances, he lost no time in sending his wife to carry out the necessary changes.

Ever six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school, in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humoredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbors thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen: at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb had been proscribed no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

"Hannah," said Richard Mallet to his wife, one Friday morning, "I shan't be home to-night, nor maybe for these next three days. I'm going to see her."

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. For long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a tall, thin man coming slowly up the street. A neighboring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaundiced, she hardly knew him.

"Giv' me a sup to drink, Hannah," said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress showed that he had made the journey on foot.

"It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I need to do." He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said:—

"I can't touch my supper yet awhile. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we've done with it." He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:—

"Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to show myself, arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' 'in the garden, I said to myself: 'It will never do to show yourself there, my man; and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in your chair." He paused a moment, then went on: "You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forg' me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a upish-sort of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!"

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

"Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?" the parents asked themselves.

"Jessie would never be there any more now," said the poor mother. "They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them."

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

"Hannah," said he one day, "we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word."

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## THE AFTERNOON.

Oh, call in the afternoon.  
When all is quiet and still,  
For noon is the mountain-top.  
And 'tis pleasantest down the hill.  
Then sit till the twilight comes,  
And is lost in the rising moon.  
And the tenderest thoughts spring up.  
Oh, call in the afternoon.

Ab, morning calls are cold,  
And are buried in the knell  
Which summons all the world—  
The ring of the dinner-bell.  
But, oh, when dinner is done,  
You cannot be here too soon.  
When the care of the day is o'  
Oh! call in the afternoon.

Seven men confining a...  
Correction, say their first...  
tending a private meeting...  
dates for city office.—Boston.

## FANNY'S BARN-YARD SONG.

Chicky! chicky! chicky! oh, come along, quick!  
From my little fingers a crumb you may pick.  
Quack! quack! quack! says the white old drake,  
And the ducks shake their tails with a short little shake.

Quack! quack! quack! says the one in black,  
And they split their throats, as they answer,  
quack!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! here's a health to you!  
And the rooster bows to the feathered crew.  
Cluck! cluck! cluck! I wish you much luck,  
Says a mother hen to a setting duck.

Pe! pe! pe! oh, pray wait for me!  
Say the turkey breed, as plans as can be.  
Gobble! gobble! gobble! my meat's in a bubble,  
Says the strutting cock, with an ugly bobble.

Put rack! put rack! I'll quit such a pack.  
Sings the Golden Hen, as she flies the rack.  
"Told never no use, across a sensible goose.  
To mind the rude ways of fools who is loose.

Then blinding ahead to the wondering crowd,  
The waddles away, quite happy and proud.  
Now the peacock tries, with his hundred eyes,  
To astonish and awe; but the shaghears rise  
And clearing their throats, flap their short-tailed coats.

While they sweep the barn-yard of corn and oats,  
Then the Poland duck, with his comb in a tuck,  
Gives a foreign twist to his best tail cart;  
While a bantam swell goes







Don't see it, as clear from four to five pounds a day; it only requires five articles to make it, and they can be had at any store for Fifty Cents.—Every family should have this delightful luxury, or any lady can make it in fifteen minutes, at any time. Address **M. R. GARDNER**  
 4-10-12-13  
 Boston, Mass. U. S.



## Wit and Humor.

### ONE OF THE LODGING HOUSES.

One of our citizens, who loves his joke about as well as folks usually do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior of the State, and knowing he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long rubber boots. He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and upon inquiry he found the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had, and the road was muddy in the extreme. Conspicuously himself on having his long boots, he set off, and found the mud in some spots so deep, his boots were barely long enough. He reached the hotel at last, looking rather soiled about the feet. After supper, he inquired the charge for lodgings.

"We usually charge," answered the landlord, who also had some fun in his composition, "twenty-five cents; but if a man goes to bed with such boots as them on," (pointing to his customer's feet) "we charge him fifty cents."

"A very good idea, I should think," returned the traveller.

After half an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other. The next morning, our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he was gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast, he handed a dollar to the landlord's wife, saying:

"There is fifty cents for my supper and breakfast, and fifty cents for my lodging."

"Twenty-five cents is all we charge for lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the traveller, "under ordinary circumstances; but in this case fifty cents is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the lady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstance which required a man to pay double price for lodgings, when her husband returned. "Has that man who slept in the front chamber come down yet?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his wife, "and he has gone away. He paid fifty cents for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances, it was right."

"The dence he did!" exclaimed the landlord, rushing up stairs. His wife followed, to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed clothes turned down, and her best bed looking more fit to plant potatoes in than for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?" said her husband.

"Yes."

"You saw his boots, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the infernal case slept in 'em."

A few days after, the traveller, on his return home, put up again at the same tavern. Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlord looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock, he said he would retire. "And, by the way, landlord," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodgings?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a most tremendous emphasis, "twenty-five cents!"

PAYING FOR HER COMPANION.—The following rich joke is related of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, who was a Swabian lord.

"He was once crossing the Potomac at Alexandria in a ferry boat, and during his passage the ferryman heard him muttering to himself and talking with the air of one who was carrying on a conversation with others; curiosity prompted the man to ask an explanation of his singular proceedings; whereupon Lord Fairfax, with great politeness and serenity, replied that he was 'conversing with Peter and Paul.' Upon reaching the bank, he offered the ferryman the amount demanded of a single passenger, but that worthy demurred. As Peter and Paul had been in the boat, he said it was no more than right that his Lordship should pay for his friends, inasmuch as circumstances did not permit him, the ferryman, to demand of those gentlemen what they owed him. To this facetious view Fairfax readily assented; no doubt it pleased his eccentric taste, of which a species of grim humor was a marked characteristic. He paid for Peter and Paul, his friends."

VERY SURE VIEW OF THE EFFECT OF FIGHTING.—Barret White, of the Green River country, as Kentuckians express it, was one of those rare men of which every country has something like him, but not identical. Big emotions, irrepressible humor, and rough, ill-connected, grammar-killing sentences were the chief exponents of this singular man. One day he and a friend were discussing lustily on the morality of fighting. White brought down, with all his rude strength, his sledge-hammer logic in the following animated appeal: "Relativ," says White, "to that of a rascal or a tussled, what's the issue when it's brought to a test? Perhaps you'll throw a friend down—tear his clothes; you create an everlasting pre-judice, an' that is an end of it. I'll be hanged if I'd do it, at all!"

THE FUR TAY.—Word was sent by Mr. H—, a defeated candidate, to a married lady, who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband on election day to the opposite party, to the following effect:—"Go and tell Mrs. F— that I will send her, by the first opportunity, a pair of pantaloons for her political services." "Go and tell Mr. H—" was the reply, "to send them along at once. Don't forget to tell him that I want a new pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn out."

NO WOMEN!—A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are!"

## CAN TRAVEL LIKE FIZEN.

The electric telegraph is bound to remain a mystery to the million, and the ludicrous conceptions of its modes of operation, which some of the most ignorant people have formed, are as untruthful as anything out of Babel or Smollett. The last illustration of this that has fallen under our eyes, is the following story from the *Pittsburg Journal*:

Not long since, an old lady entered O'Reilly's office in this city, and said she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling," inquired the old lady, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that their town lies in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell, ma'am. It may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer, ma'am," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.

"Now that beats all," exclaimed she, "Bless my heart. All the way from Wheeling, and the wafer still wet. That's an awkward looking box—but it can travel like pizen."

CLAY AND RANDOLPH.—Mr. Clay was the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

John Randolph was addressing the House, or rather the Speaker, in earnest debate on one of the political questions of the day. To illustrate his views on some point, he commenced drawing a picture of an ambitious young man of questionable morals, aspiring after distinction, and began to give a sketch of his singular career in life, when the Speaker interrupted him, and called him to order, on the ground that his remarks were personal.

Mr. Randolph disclaimed all personality, and appealed from the decision of the chair to the House. The House, of course, sustained the Chair. Mr. Randolph rose, and resumed his speech in his usual peculiar voice.

"Mr. Speaker, I was drawing a picture—the Speaker has applied it to himself—and the House have confirmed the application!" when peals of laughter from every side again arrested his speech.

## Useful Receipts.

TO REMOVE THE PILE ON VELVET.—We are sometimes asked "What is the best thing to do with a velvet mantle after it has been in the rain?" Velvet that is rough and knotty, from rain spots and splashes, can be rendered smooth again by thoroughly damping the back of it, and then passing the back of the velvet over a hot iron—the velvet, remember, must be passed over the iron, and not the iron over the velvet. The heat converts the water into steam, which rises through the pile, and so separates every filament. Some contrivance must be made to hold the iron upside down while the velvet is passed over it. If rested between two bricks covered with flannel, it will do very well; but if the same pair of hands that carried the umbrella over the mantle when it was out in the rain can be secured for that office, they will be found suitable.

CUTTING BUTTER IN COLD WEATHER.—To cut a slice of butter from a large roll in cold weather, first dip the knife in hot water, and all trouble of breaking the butter will be avoided.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH.—After the meat is frozen, I tie in papers and pack in a four barrel with clean straw, pushing the straw down tightly with a thin lath. I then put the barrel in a box, five or six inches larger than the barrel every way, and fill the space with dry sawdust. Last winter I kept meat thus in fine condition until April.

TO KEEP YOUR FEET WARM.—Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet warm and dry, and we can snap our finger at disease and doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every day use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles by accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to a habitual boot wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of the blood. Put wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the soles, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after awhile becomes "soggy" and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will be as easy as an "old shoe," and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity. Persons who dislike taking medicine, and paying doctors' bills, will do well to try the virtues of this advice.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TO PREVENT CARRIAGES FROM GROWING TO LONG SHANKS.—To secure true solid heels on those stalks that manifest a disposition to grow to what are commonly known as "long shanks," take a penknife and stab it through the stalk, about the middle; insert a small piece of wood to keep the incision open, which will check the growth. By doing this a good head of cabbage may be secured on every stalk.—*Gentle Farmer.*

IT IS EASY TO CUT UP A DEAD ELEPHANT.—*African Proverb.*



CHARLIE QUIET AT LAST.

MAMMA.—"I wonder where that child, Charlie, is—he is very quiet. I hope he is not in mischief."

LOVE.—"Oh, no, mamma, dear! He's not in mischief, for he is in the library, playing with the pens and ink."

## Agricultural.

### PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

FROM THE LONDON GARDENER'S CHRONICLE.

"What can I do with my apple trees?" asks a Suffolk correspondent; "they are old trees in an old orchard. At one time their fruit was good and fit for market; but now, and for many years past, they are cankered and mossy, and weak, and their fruit is for the most part unsaleable. My gardener says that this has been caused by neglect of pruning scientifically. Is this so? What is meant by pruning scientifically? I am rather afraid of so great a word from the mouth of a man, who, although a worthy young fellow, seems to me to have nothing scientific about him. And, besides, I remember being told when in Normandy that although the fruit trees in that country appear when pruned upon scientific principles were beautiful specimens of art, yet that they had the fault of bearing very little fruit."

We fear that our Suffolk friend will find little favor in the eyes of those gardeners who believe that all manner of virtue resides in a pruning knife and narrow saw, and whose greatest pride is to cut their trees into wonderfully regular forms. And yet he is justified in his apprehensions; for there can be no doubt that more harm is done by overpruning, which is too often meant by "scientific" pruning, than can arise from leaving trees to the undisturbed operation of natural processes. In the latter case indeed fruit may be small and bad; but in the former it is as likely to be altogether absent, while the health of trees is irretrievably ruined.

There is no branch of gardening in which inexperienced or careless persons do more harm than in pruning. They seem to forget that fruit trees are grown for the sake of their fruit and not as objects of decoration, and that three ends, and three only, are to be gained by the operation; that is to say, increase of quantity, improvement of quality, and better ripening. Nothing but skillful pruning will effect these purposes; unskillful, in which is to be included unnecessary pruning, has a directly opposite tendency. In short, the golden rule in this case is not to prune at all if it can be avoided. Pruning, however, is unavoidable; but it should be had recourse to as little as possible. As to overpruning, it is, we repeat, far worse than pruning at all. One thing is certain, that the more Apple trees are pruned the less they bear; and the same may be said of Pear trees.

The author of one of our best practical works, having described how an Apple tree should be managed for the first three or four years, remarks, "after this nothing more will be necessary than to look them (the trees) over from time to time, cutting out carefully any superfluous branches that may appear, particularly those which have a tendency to injure the proper figure of the head, or are likely to become stronger than the rest; these latter, if suffered to remain, will injure any description of tree, whether it be a standard, an espalier, or whether it be trained against a wall." (*Guide to the Orchard*, p. 118.) This is the best advice that can be given to those who have the management of Apple trees in an orchard. It is like the worthy Mr. Glasse's instructions to "let them alone." But our Suffolk correspondent's trees are in a state of ruin. They seem to be like the Devonshire trees, which Mr. Belsham describes with "heads tangled and matted together, so as to set both sun and air at defiance; live wood struggling for existence amongst the dead, and all hoary with moss and premature old age."

With such trees the pruning knife and saw must be used sparingly; and if that is what our Suffolk correspondent's gardener means by "scientifically," we agree with him. Not that there is much science in the operation. The first thing to do is to cut down to the quick every dead branch, limb, or spur; they can do no good and are mischievous on account of the interruption they offer to sun and air, which are as necessary to the tree as to the gardener. Until this has been done, live wood should remain untouched. Secondly, as soon as the dead wood is gone, and the gardener can see distinctly what he has to work upon, he should prune out every shoot that whips or crosses or

rules against another, so as to leave plenty of room between the shoots; a foot is not too much. In doing this the weakest shoots should be removed. Thirdly, all the thinning having been done, the end of each branch should be stopped by removing more or less of it, according to its strength. Fourthly, after the stopping, all loose bark and moss should be scraped off the branches and main stem, with the blade of an old hoe or some such blunt edge, and the scrapings should be burnt. In this way alone can insects and their eggs be destroyed with certainty. Such scraping can do no harm; and in addition to the removal of insects, it enables the tree to breathe more freely; a very important matter, for the living bark is as much a portion of an apple tree's lungs as the leaves are. This done, skill can go no further, and it is only necessary afterwards to leave the tree to its own vital powers; watching, however, how the new shoots grow, and cutting out from time to time, all such as in any way whip, chafe or cross each other.

In these remarks the state of the soil is not noticed. If, however, there is any doubt about its being thoroughly drained, that also must be carefully looked to, for no apple trees can retain their health in waterlogged ground. Neither can they prosper when soil is exhausted of all its nutritive matter. When that is the case, weak manure, such as plenty of decayed leaf-mould, burnt weeds, or any similar material should be employed. Strong ammoniacal manure is to be avoided.

### PAINT UP THE IRON TOOLS.

The action of the weather upon farm implements, when they are not protected, we have found, by experience, to do nearly as much, and sometimes more, towards their destruction than the wear and tear. Ploughs, cultivators and such like tools, are in use only in the warmer parts of the season. During the winter they lie unused by their owners, but, unless protected sufficiently, the weather uses them pretty hard. The farmer's use of them is severe at times, but it is occasional and interrupted. The weather's use of them is constant, uninterrupted, either by day or by night; every moment of time the action of the elements, heat and cold, expands and contracts, moisture pervades and rusts them, and oxygen combines with them, and forms coat after coat of rust, corroding and rusting them away. It will be a good plan during some of the spare moments of winter time, say of a stormy day, to overhaul them, clean them up, and cover the iron parts with paint, and the wood parts, too.

A mixture of sulphur and linseed oil boiled together with or without coloring matter, is a good application. We also find the following recommended by an exchange paper, which will make a good covering:

Take of coal-tar two parts; common linseed oil one part; clarified beef's tallow two parts; linseed oil one part; spirits turpentine one part; and fuse the whole over a slow fire. When liquified, stir in lampblack, or any other coloring matter that may be desired, and apply while warm. Ploughs, wheels, harrows, crowbars, cultivators, and indeed any other farming implements, constructed either wholly or in part of iron, should receive a coating of this every fall. It fills the pores and prevents all possibility of corrosion.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE "HOLLOW HORSE."—A Tompkins county correspondent writes as follows to the *Frankfort Yeoman*:

The disease of cattle known as "hollow horn," is causing an annual loss to be estimated by millions of dollars in this State alone. This disease is spinal, caused by the hide of the animal adhering to the bone of the back, and preventing circulation, and may be cured as follows:

Rub with the hands with as much force and friction as possible, the hide of the animal, on the back bone, from the tail to the horns, thereby restoring circulation.

Every animal should be examined and subjected to the process every February and March to prevent this disease.

[NOTE.—Rather, gather up the skin with grasps of the hand, and thus loosen it, all along the back bone, every week or two. So, a noted old cow-doctor instructed us to do. Don't mind the cow's bawling.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*

## PAVEMENTS.

Paths about farm-houses and barn-yards will be hard and clean at all seasons if properly paved with pebbles or other small stones. For the benefit of such readers as are tired of mud, we propose to explain the manner of working causeways or paved foot-paths.

The width of a causeway must depend on its importance. Three feet and a half will barely allow two persons to pass each other. Four or five feet is not too wide for ordinary purposes.

The first thing is to lay out the ground, care being taken to secure uniform width and straightness, or such curves only as convenience may require. A path should not be laid absolutely level; there should be an inclination of one or two inches to the rod, to facilitate drainage. The next step is to excavate the soil, especially if clayey or retentive of moisture, to the depth of a foot or more. Should the natural soil be a coarse sand or gravel any excavation is unnecessary. This excavation is usually filled to the height of six or eight inches with broken stones or pieces of brick, in order to make a good drainage.

At the lower end of the path there should be left some means for the escape of water from this layer of stones. A row of large flat stones are set on their edge by the line as curb stones, on each side of the proposed pathway. These are sometimes put in before the broken stone foundation, and this is the better way when the stones are large enough. If, when the earth was removed, the sides were left properly true, the curbstones are set against the bank, and their upper edge at the uniform height it is intended the causeway shall be made. The space for the path is then filled to within three or four inches of the top of the curbstones with good, clean sand. This is higher in the centre than at the sides, the difference being about an inch for each foot of width of the path. Stones for a pavement to be used by foot passengers only, need not be larger than a man's fist; such as are long or flat are better than the round. In setting them the paver works from himself, sitting on a seat or piece of sheepskin upon the work. It is finished. Every stone is set on edge, larger end uppermost. They are placed so as to touch and fit as closely as possible, and the sand is well drawn to the bottom, so that the may stand firmly. The only tool used by the paver, is a small pick or stone-hammer, which, however, is used but little. When the work has progressed a few yards, it is rammed, a quantity of sand having first been scattered on it, and swept about in every direction, to fill the spaces between the stones. The rammed sand is made from a log of ten inches in diameter at the larger end, and two and a half feet in length. Into the small end a hole is bored down the heart of the log to the depth of six inches, with an inch and a quarter saw; into this hole a good peg is driven, leaving out six inches for a handle. Another hole is bored at right angles to the first, a foot from the little end of the log, and the other handle is driven in. With this two-handled rammer, weighing forty or fifty pounds, the pavement is settled steadily and uniformly until the stones which were set some inches higher in the centre, are brought almost on a level with the edges. When this is done, the path is compacted together like an arch, and will remain a life-time without settling or wearing into inequality. Where pebbles can be obtained of different colors, it is possible to set them in a manner quite ornamental; the whole pathway may be made to represent a variety of geometrical figures. The same plan may be adopted for small yards or spaces, in front of all sorts of buildings, and thus a good footpath may be obtained for man or beast. For places over which loaded carriages have to pass, it is necessary to use larger stones than are required for a foot-path merely. Let the purpose for which the pavement is designed be understood and it can easily be adapted to any amount of pressure. For many places, especially about roads, the stone pavement has immense advantages over any other condition of the surface. If our friends would only make the trial of pavements, we are satisfied they would never afterwards consent to wallow in any "slosh of despond."—*Ohio Farmer.*

CHARADE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 40 letters. My 8, 4, 22, 5, 11, 12, were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. My 31, 23, 18, 9, 29, 26, 7, 34, 22, is believed to be the first inventor of the art of printing with movable types. My 30, 27, 23, 18, was the assumed name of Von Ansbach, an Austrian count. My 14, 10, 8, 15, was an eminent English judge. My 25, 28, 19, 20, 27, was bishop of Calcutta. My 28, 48, 16, 1, 18, 20, is an admired American author. My 3, 5, 18, 11, 32, 31, was the ancient name of a lofty range of mountains in northern Greece. My 34, 5, 17, 34, 23, is an ornament for the head. My 33, 29, 8, 2, 27, 36, 25, is a small gentle horse. My 5, 6, 30, 31, was one of the three epochs or divisions of the ancient Roman month. My 18, 7, 3, 34, 32, 29, 16, was in Roman mythology the deity who presided over the sea. My whole is a proverb of Dr. Franklin's. WARREN, VT. HARP.

## The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 40 letters. My 8, 4, 22, 5, 11, 12, were priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. My 31, 23, 18, 9, 29, 26, 7, 34, 22, is believed to be the first inventor of the art of printing with movable types. My 30, 27, 23, 18, was the assumed name of Von Ansbach, an Austrian count. My 14, 10, 8, 15, was an eminent English judge. My 25, 28, 19, 20, 27, was bishop of Calcutta. My 28, 48, 16, 1, 18, 20, is an admired American author. My 3, 5, 18, 11, 32, 31, was the ancient name of a lofty range of mountains in northern Greece. My 34, 5, 17, 34, 23, is an ornament for the head. My 33, 29, 8, 2, 27, 36, 25, is a small gentle horse. My 5, 6, 30, 31, was one of the three epochs or divisions of the ancient Roman month. My 18, 7, 3, 34, 32, 29, 16, was in Roman mythology the deity who presided over the sea. My whole is a proverb of Dr. Franklin's. WARREN, VT. HARP.

### POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 33 letters. My 16, 12, 32, 29, was an English poet. My 25, 13, 5, 1, 2, 8, 20, was an English poet. My 10, 26, 9, 28, is an American poet. My 15, 16, 27, 21, 25, was a Scotch poet. My 4, 29, 17, 11, 3, 1, is an American poet. My 16, 22, 14, 30, 3, was an English novelist. My 6, 19, 31, 22, 17, 4, was an English poet. My 13, 7, 18, 26, 9, 24, is an American poet. My whole was an event of great importance to the American people. S. J. C.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 23 letters. My 8, 21, 22, 13, is a city in Europe. My 8, 9, 12, 21, is a sound. My 10, 19, 17, 16, 8, is a heathen deity. My 12, 18, 15, 3, is a musical instrument. My 20, 10, 3, 12, 18, 23, 17, is a celebrated painter. My 3, 6, 11, 12, 15, is one of the apostles. My 8, 2, 16, 20, is a heavenly body. My 14, 18, 5, 23, is a tropical fruit. My 22, 10, 1, 19, is part of a ship. My 3, 31, 3, 4, is a celebrated poet. My 4, 4, 17, is a kind of fish. My whole is a celebrated building in Europe. COVINGTON, KY. SHIRLEY.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first a berry rich is seen, When fields and woods are gay, Glowing with crimson-purple sheen, Along the school-boy's way. My second hides 'neath many a rose, And as we grasp the prize, We find that flowers can stings disclose, And pleasure ends in sighs. My whole when spring first wakes the dells, Hangs out white blossoms fair, And in the flower language tells, Of Hope, the charm of care. EMILY.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In the forest my first abounds; In the rivers you will find my second. On my first my whole you will find;— A little animal it is reckoned. VENANGO CO., PA. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Without my first you would not do, My second we our relatives call, My whole is an article in use, Which is used daily by nearly all. WARREN, VT. HARP.

### ANAGRAMS ON CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Near the. B. sea. She ant. Tried Bones. Rule James. A club. Flashes. F. Stable. Leg Bread. An heap. I ride bark. An rove. Toll rip! Rays. PETER A. B.

### MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There is a road of 68 feet across, (on quite level ground we suppose.) On the side of it formerly stood a high pole, even 127 feet 6 inches high; but by a violent gust of wind it was broken some distance from the ground, and falling straight across the road, without slipping at the broken place, its extreme top just struck the ground on the other side of the road. Can you tell me at what height from the ground it broke? and the length of the broken off piece? DANIEL DIEFFENBACH. Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

### CONUNDRUMS.

Q.—Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? A.—Because it is easier to preach than to practice. Q.—If a policeman detect men stealing, what ought he to do, and yet not do? A.—Stop 'em in it—(what a minute.) Q.—What did the father, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? A.—I'm down on you this time. Q.—Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? A.—Because the law says no man can be condemned without a hearing.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Truth is stranger than fiction. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—General Winfield Scott. CHARADE.—Goldsmith. CHARADE.—Artemas Martin (Ah-lee-mas-martin). ANAGRAMS.—Menard, Wappellow, Macintosh, Monroe, Andrew, De Moines, Edgar, Whitesides, Benton, Fremont, Malakka, Bancroft. PROBLEM.—The longer right-angled side 60, the shorter right-angled side 46, the hypotenuse 75.

It's odd how bats expand their brims as ripen years invade, As when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade. —Dr. Holmes.